



No. 83

SANDMAN
by SIMON and KIRBY



EB.

Adventure COMICS

10¢

MY NAME IS
GENIUS JONES!
—COME ON INSIDE
THIS MAGAZINE
AND MEET ME!





No. 83

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by SIMON and KIRBY



FEB.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



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\$5 PRIZE-WINNING REVIEW:

BLACK FIRE

by Covelle Newcomb

Henri Christophe's mother and father were both slaves. When Henri was just seven years old, the slave master traded him to a sea captain. Still later, the captain sold him in Haiti where he worked as a stableboy. Henri fought with the slaves when they revolted against the rulers of Haiti. Through long years of struggle he was finally made the King of Haiti. The country grew rich under King Henri I. But the blacks once more revolted because they were being worked too hard. An old and feeble man who could no longer walk, King Henri Christophe shot himself in the heart.

Read, in *Black Fire*, the story of Henri Christophe who was born a slave and died the king of Haiti!

RONALD LANGLEY

Otwell, Arkansas

OTHER \$5 PRIZE-WINNERS ARE:

BETTY JEAN KEISTER

RAYMOND BUCK, Jr.

WILLIAM SCRUTON

JAMES ROSS SMITH

**HAVE YOU JOINED THE JUNIOR
JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?**

"IF YOU HAVE, YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE IN

"STARMAN CODE"

HWΓ ΛIX ITAY TINTN EPX

BTN EIΦ KH ΛΥTTNABPΧO

AAΦIN ΦNBIT IXM ΦΓKKNΦ.!

SANDMAN

and **SANDY** THE GOLDEN BOY...

134 "The
LADY
AND THE
CHAMP!"

HE WAS YOUNG, AMBITIOUS AND HANDSOME... BUT THE SHYEST PRIZE-FIGHTER EVER TO STEP INSIDE THE SQUARED CIRCLE... SHE WAS PRETTY AND CLEVER... AND A FAMOUS BROADCASTER... BUT SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE HIM TAKE A BEATING! IT TOOK DREAMS AND AN OLD SUPERSTITION TO BRING THEM TOGETHER IN THIS STRANGEST OF ROMANCES YOU'VE EVER COME ACROSS... AND A HEARTLESS CRIMINAL PLOT TO SEPARATE THEM AGAIN... AND BEFORE THE WILD ADVENTURE IS OVER, IT TAKES ALL THE BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THOSE CHAMPIONS OF THE NIGHT... THE MYSTERIOUS SANDMAN AND HIS YOUNG PAL SANDY TO DELIVER A KNOCKOUT PUNCH TO VILLAINY AND TURN THE PRIZE RING INTO A WEDDING RING!

by JOE SIMON
AND JACK KIRBY

THIS STORY OF THE SANDMAN, MIGHTY FIGHTER AND FIGURE OF MYSTERY, OPENS... STRANGELY ENOUGH... AT A WEDDING... WHERE A FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYER MARRIES A BEAUTIFUL STAGE STAR.



OOH! I HOPE I'LL BE AS PRETTY AS HER WHEN I GROW UP!

WHO CARES ABOUT LOOKS? NOW IF YA COULD PITCH TH' FASTEST BALL IN TH' LEAGUE... LIKE HIM... IT'D BE SOMETHING!

AND EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY IN NEW YORK CITY ATTENDS THE GALA RECEPTION FOR THE HAPPY PAIR AT THE RITZ-MORELL BALLROOM!



THAT'S THE MAYOR KISSING THE BRIDE!

THAT'S THE GOV'NOR RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

THE HIGH SPOT OF ALL GOOD WEDDING PARTIES... CUTTING AND DISTRIBUTING THE ELABORATE CAKE AMONG THE GUESTS...

IF YOU SLEEP WITH A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE UNDER YOUR PILLOW-- YOU'LL DREAM OF THE PERSON YOU'LL MARRY!

I DON'T THINK MY WIFE WOULD APPROVE!



JIMMY MADDOX... RISING YOUNG LIGHTWEIGHT BOXER, HAS OTHER AMBITIONS THAN WINNING THE DIAMOND-SET CHAMPIONSHIP BELT!

DON'T FORGET, JIMMY... UNDER YOUR PILLOW!

I KNOW WHO I'D LIKE TO DREAM ABOUT! BUT NOT A CHANCE!



VALERIE LEE... CONDUCTOR OF THE SPORTS COLUMN OF THE AIR, HAS MADE A SUCCESS OF A MAN'S JOB... BUT ISN'T SO SURE OF HERSELF IN MATTERS OF ROMANCE!

I TRIED IT BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, VALERIE... AND IT REALLY WORKED!

IF I DREAM OF THE MAN I'M THINKING OF... BUT HE'S NEVER EVEN LOOKED AT ME!



"CANDY KID!" KOHLER, MANAGER OF JIMMY MADDOX AND OTHER BOXERS, HAS A SWEET TOOTH...

DREAMS, PHOOEY! WHEN I GET HOLO OF SOMETHIN' THAT LOOKS GOOD TO EAT, I EAT IT, MUGGSY!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, CANDY-- Y'AIN'T GOT NO SEDIMENT!

AS FOR WES DODDS... WEALTHY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN... AND HIS YOUNG PAL, SANDY HAWKINS...

DO YOU BELIEVE WEDDING CAKES MAKE PEOPLE DREAM, WES?

PERHAPS IT ISN'T THE CAKE, SANDY, BUT THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS THAT GO WITH IT!



AND WES DODDS SHOULD KNOW WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT... FOR HE IS THE SANDMAN, WHOSE MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT EXCURSIONS BRING DREAMS OF HOPE TO THE OPPRESSED, AND NIGHTMARES TO THE WICKED!

MIDNIGHT...
AND
MISTY
FANTASIES
WHOSE
SOURCE
NO MAN
KNOWS
GATHER
OVER THE
STILL
FORMS OF
SLEEPERS
SUCH AS
THIS ONE...



ONLY
TO
VANISH
WHEN
WAKEFUL-
NESS
RETURNS...
AS IT
DOES
WITH A
START
TO
YOUNG
JIMMY
MADDOX...



VALERIE! HUH?
I MUST HAVE BEEN
DREAMING... WHY,
OF COURSE... THE
WEDDING CAKE!
THEN IT IS
TRUE!

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE QUIET DUSK
OF VALERIE LEE'S PENTHOUSE.....



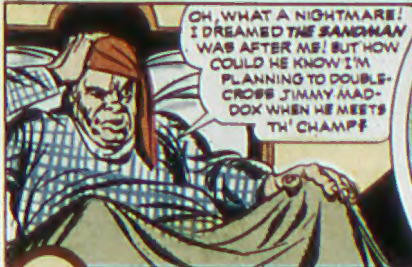
DREAMS... BUT NOT ALL OF THEM ARE
PLEASANT... AS "CANDY KID" KOHLER, THE
PRIZE FIGHT MANAGER, DISCOVERS...



YOU'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL, CANDY KID...
YOU CAN'T WIN A
CROOKED GAME!

GO 'WAY!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

OH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
I DREAMED THE SANDMAN
WAS AFTER ME! BUT HOW
COULD HE KNOW I'M
PLANNING TO DOUBLE-
CROSS JIMMY MAD-
DOX WHEN HE MEETS
TH' CHAMP?



MUST HAVE
BEEN THAT
WEDDING CAKE
I ATE... THESE
CHOCOLATE CREAMS
OUGHT TO SETTLE
MY NERVES! AFTER
ALL, IT WAS JUST A
SILLY DREAM!



NEXT
DAY...

MADDOX HAS TWO
MORE FIGHTS BE-
FORE TH' BIG ONE...
HE'LL WIN 'EM EASY... AN'
EVERYBODY'LL LOOK FOR
HIM TO KAYO TH' CHAMP!
HAVE A GUMDROP?

NO TANKS... SO
WE BET ALL OUR
CHIPS ON THE
CHAMP, HUH?



AN' JUST BEFORE TH' BIG
FIGHT I GIVE JIMMY
THEM PILLS TO SLOW
HIM UP, RIGHT?

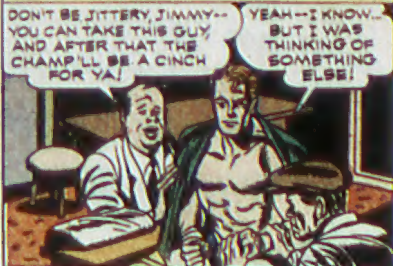
YOU
GOT IT,
TOPPER!



THAT EVENING, WEE DODDS AND SANDY ATTEND A MAJOR BOXING EVENT---

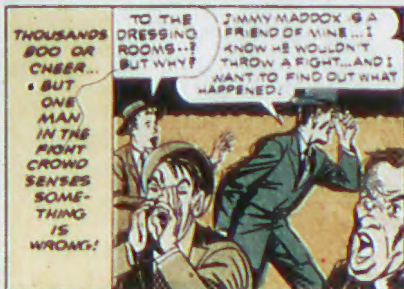
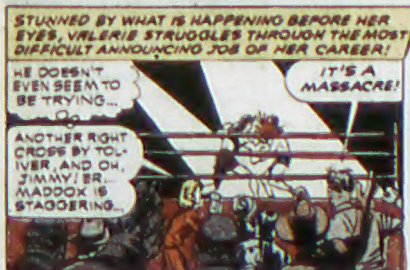
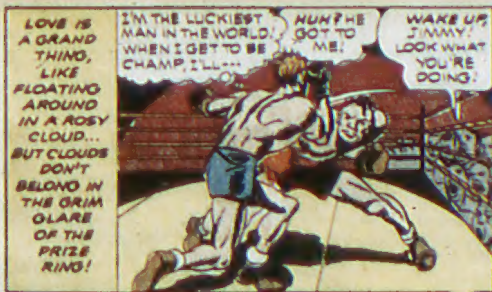


UNAWARE OF HIS MANAGER'S PLOT AGAINST HIM, JIMMY MADDOX IS NEVERTHELESS NERVOUS AND JUMPY!



IN THE PRESS SECTION... RINGSIDE...





WEE DODD'S MIND, ATTUNED TO TROUBLE SIGNALS, IS NOT SATISFIED. AND AS HE PASSES AN OFFICE DOOR...

HE'S SABOTAGING OUR GAME! HOW WE GONNA GET BIG ODDS ON THE CHAMP THIS WAY? HAVE A JELLYBEAN TOPPER?

THE CANDY KID'S VOICE... NOW WHY SHOULD HE BE TALKING ABOUT BETTING ON THE CHAMP AGAINST HIS OWN FIGHTER?

WE COULD CLEAN UP BY GIVIN' MADDOCK THEM PILLS BEFORE THE FIGHT-- BUT HE'S GOTTA KEEP WINNING UNTIL THEN!

YA'D TUGHT HE WUZ DRUGGED TONIGHT-- THE WAY HE ACTED!

MMM... THIS CALLS FOR THE SANDMAN!

LATER... IN THE DODDS HOME

VALERIE LEE DIDN'T USE GOOD PSYCHOLOGY LETTING JIMMY KNOW SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT...

I GET IT! SO WE USE DIFFERENT PSYCHOLOGY, SHE

STREAKING ACROSS SHADOWED ROOF-TOPS... TWO SHINING, GOLDEN FIGURES ONCE MORE BEAR STRANGE GIFTS...

THAT'S VALERIE LEE'S PENTHOUSE! OUR WIREPOON GUNS WILL TAKE US UP THERE IN A JIFFY!

UNCONVENTIONAL WAY TO VISIT A LADY... BUT IF YOU SAY SO...

DREAMS OF HOPE FOR THE DESERVING...

THE SANDMAN! AM I DREAMING?

THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT, VALERIE... AS LONG AS YOU LISTEN CLOSELY TO WHAT I TELL YOU--

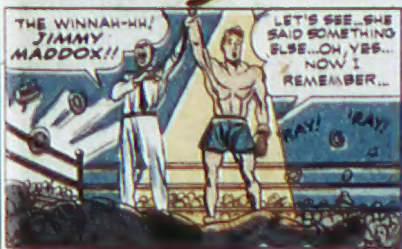
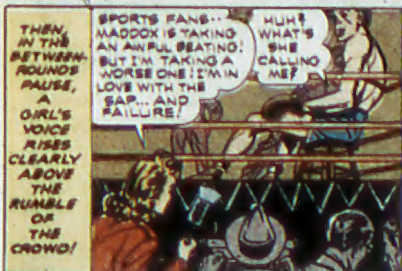
DREAMS OF TERROR FOR THOSE WITH UNEASY CONSCIENCE...

YIP! THE SANDMAN'S GOT ME!

MAYBE I BETTER LAY OFF THE CHOCOLATE CREAMS... I'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE SLEEPIN' PILLS WE'RE GONNA GIVE MADDOCK, AN' SEE IF IT'LL KEEP ME FROM HAVIN' NIGHTMARES!

SO THOSE ARE THE PILLS... WHEN HE GOES BACK TO SLEEP, I'LL TAKE THEM AND LEAVE A HARMLESS SUBSTITUTE!





BOXING FANS MOB THE ARENA A FEW EVENINGS LATER TO SEE THE CHAMPION, TOMMY TOMKINS, DEFEND HIS TITLE BUT TWO SUPER-SPORTSMEN KEEP CLEAR OF THE CROWDS...

NO STANDING ROOM FOR US IN SANDMAN?

WE'LL TAKE THE WIREPOOR ROUTE TO THE ROOF, GO THROUGH A SKYLIGHT AND PICK RESERVED SEATS IN THE RADIATORS.



MEANWHILE, OTHERS, WHOSE VEHICLES CONTAIN NO SPORTING BLOOD WHATEVER, OLOAT AT THE PROSPECT OF CROOKED PROFIT!

MADDOX TOOK THE SLEEPING PILLS, CANDY... WE'LL BE OUT BEFORE THE FIRST ROUND IS OVER.

WE'D BETTER BE. WE GOT EVERY DIME WE OWN ON THE CHAMP.



BUT A WHIRLING DYNAMO OF ENERGY PACES THE CHAMP WHEN THE GONG SOUNDS... THANKS TO THE SANDMAN'S SUBSTITUTION OF THE HARMLESS PILLS FOR THE DRUGGED ONES!



AND THEY SAID MADDOX WAS SLEEPING; TOMKINS WON'T LAST THREE ROUNDS AT THIS RATE.



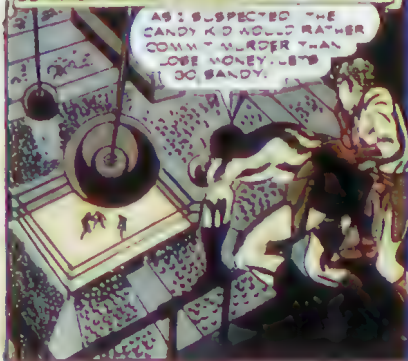
THE PILLS AN' WORKIN'. WE'LL LOSE OUR DOUGH!

WE CAN'T LOSE WITH FIGHT AN' FINGERED. AN IT WON'T BE.



BUT... HIGH ABOVE THE CHEERING CROWD...

AS I SUSPECTED THE CANDY KID WOULD RATHER COMMIT MURDER THAN LOSE MONEY... LET'S GO SANDY.

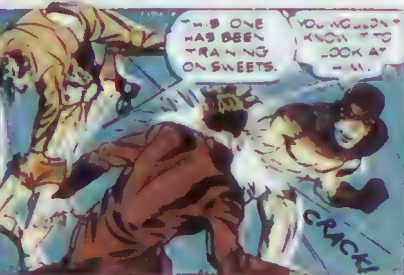


THE BARBED TIP OF THE AMAZING WIREPOOR EMBEDS ITSELF IN A CEILING BEAM... AND THE TAUT WIRE BEARS THE GOLD AND PURPLE FLOUR OF THE SANDMAN IN A BREATHLSS PLUNGE!

I'M DREAMING AGAIN! NO... HE'S REAL!

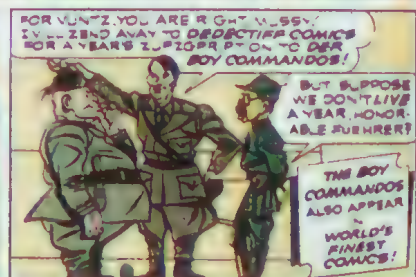
YOU'LL BE DREAMING IN A SECOND!



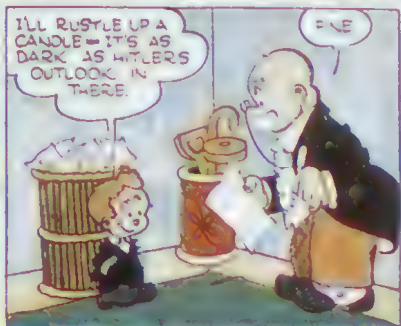
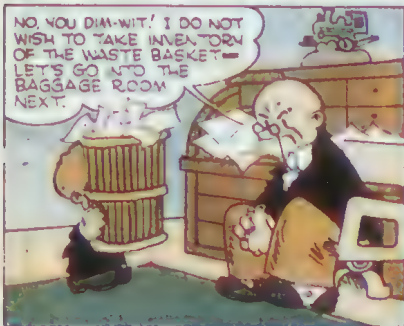




Everybody reads The **BOY COMMANDOS**



LITTLE TOM



ANOTHER MEETING OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!

WONDER WOMAN
PRESIDING
SECRETARY!

BUT NO ONE SHOWS UP!

SHOWS
THE ROLL CALL IS
READ BUT NO ONE
ANSWERS --- WH

...WHY?

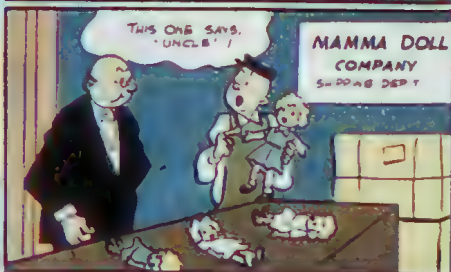
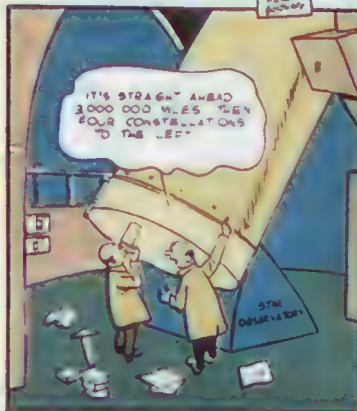
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE



YOU WON'T
WANT TO MISS
THIS AMAZING
ADVENTURE
OF THE
JUSTICE
SOCIETY
IN WHICH
ITS MEMBERS
TANGLE WITH...

"THE MAN WHO
CREATED IMAGES"
!!

LAFFS



STAR MAN

REMEMBER
THE OLD WISHING
REFRAN
STAR-GH-
STAR-B-GH-
I'N SH I MAY
I'N SH I UGH-
HAVE THE'N SH-
I WISH TONIGHT
?

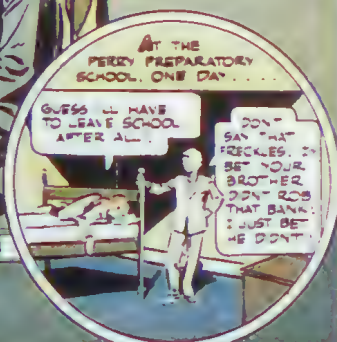
WELL WHEN THAT
LITTLE COUPLET
BRINGS OUT STAR
MAN AND PLUNGES
HIM INTO THE
MIDDLE OF A DRAMA
AS TENSE AND EX-
CITING AS THOSE
SAME STARS HAVE
PEERED DOWN ON
THROUGH THE CENT-
URIES YOU COULDN'T
ASK FOR ANY MORE
EVEN THOUGH YOU
SHOULD

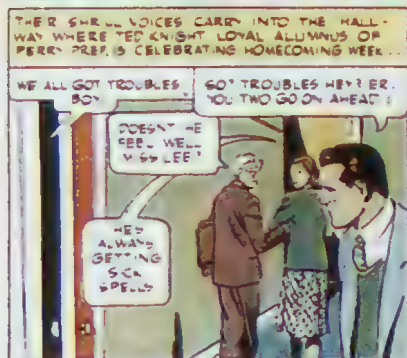
**'WISH UPON
A
STAR!'**

**AT THE
PERRY PREPARATORY
SCHOOL, ONE DAY...**

GUESS WE HAVE
TO LEAVE SCHOOL
AFTER ALL...

DON'T
SAY THAT
FRECKLES. I
BET YOUR
BROTHER
DON'T ROB
THAT BANK.
I JUST BET
HE DON'T.





THREE YOUNG BRAINS
CHURN FURIOUSLY AS
THE MINUTES TICK
AWAY. . . . MUFFLED
BREATHING AND THE
IMPATIENT TOSSING OF
LEAN YOUNG BODIES
FILLS THE ROOM AS THE
BIG CLOCK ON THE CAM-
PUS TOLLS THE HOURS. . .
AND THEN MIDNIGHT!

NOT THAT I BELIEVE
IN THAT SILLY STUFF,
BUT I CAN'T OVER-
LOOK ANY BETS!



OH ER
HELLO
FELLOWS!

HA HA
THIS IS
CRAZY.

YEAH 'S
BUT HERE!
WE ARE
LET'S START
WISHING!

I WISH MY BROTHER COULD BE
PROVED INNOCENT OF ROBBIN'
THE BANK WHERE HE WORKED!
THEY HAVE HIM AT JOLEY PRISON!



THAT'S YOUR WISH
NOW WHAT
S YOURS
WHITNEY?



MY BROTHER WAS A SWEET SURGEON BUT
A MAN DIED AFTER HE OPERATED ON HIM
AND HE LOST HIS NERVE! HE'S ALL WASHED
UP! I WISH HE'D GET HIS STUFF BACK



WHEN YOU
BOYS DO
HAVE
TROUBLE,
DON'T YOU?



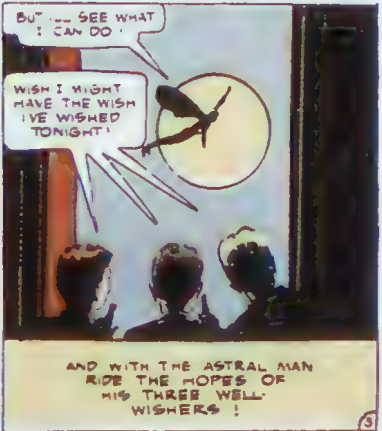
SUDDENLY OUT OF THE STAR-SPAN-
DLED NIGHT SHOOPS A SCARLET-
CLAD FIGURE

THAT'S THE SPIRIT,
YOUNGSTER!
MAYBE I CAN
HELP YOU!

WOW
-S
STARMAN!



MY DAD'S PLENTY
SICK! IF HE COULD
BE CURED GOLLY!
MY WISH S THAT
HE DOES GET
CURED!



BUT I'LL SEE WHAT
I CAN DO!

WISH I MIGHT
HAVE THE WISH
I'VE WISHED
TONIGHT!

AND WITH THE ASTRAL MAN
RIDE THE HOPES OF
HIS THREE WELL-
WISHERS!

AT JOLEY PRISON, IN A
GLOOMY CELL, SITS
CHARLEY FRENCH, HEAD
BOWED HEAVY
WITH SORROW...

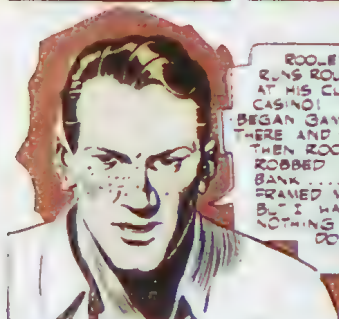
WHAT'S THE
USE? HE'S KNOWN
HE BEEN FRAMED
AND FRAMED
GOOD...

THAT'S A FINE WAY TO FEEL
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A KID
BROTHER WORTH HIS
WEIGHT IN GOLD WAITING
FOR YOU...

STARMAN!
YOU... YOU
KNOW
FRECKLES?

HE WANTS TO
CLEAR YOU! HE
MADE A WISH
TONIGHT AND I'M
GOING TO HELP
HIM GET IT IF
YOU'LL DO YOUR
PART!

IT WAS
THAT RAT,
ROOLEY
ROYCE!



ROOLEY
RUNS ROULETTE
AT HIS CLUB
CASINO! I... I
BEGAN GAMBLING
THERE AND LOSING!
THEN ROOLEY
ROBBED MY
BANK... AND
FRAMED ME!
BUT I HAD
NOTHING TO
DO WITH
IT!

WE PLANTED
SOME OF
THE STOLEN
MONEY IN
MY ROOM!
HE HAD WIT-
NESSES TO
TESTIFY THAT
I WAS GAM-
BLING! I
WAS LIKED
RIGHT AWAY
EVEN THOUGH
I PROVED I
WAS GAMBLING
WITH MY OWN
MONEY!

I'LL SEE
ROOLEY
RIGHT
AWAY!

LET US GO BACK TWO HOURS TO A PRIVATE APART-
MENT AT THE CLUB CASINO WHERE ROOLEY
ROYCE STRUTS UP IN FRONT OF A MIRROR, THIN,
CRUEL LIPS SMILING IN VAIN ADMIRATION!

ALL SET FOR THAT SILK
JOB ROOLEY, SAY THAT'S
A NEW
BUT
YOU'RE
WEARING

ROOLEY'S THE
BEST DRESSED
CROOK IN THE
BIG TOWN.

AND THE BEST
LOOKING, TOO!
DON'T FORGET
THAT!

LATER... AT THE SAWYER
SILK WAREHOUSE....

QUICK, LOAD THE VANS
WHILE I MAKE SURE NO
ONE ELSE IS AROUND
TO SPOT US!

UPSTAIRS, ROOLEY SLAMS INTO A ROOM WHERE A RESEARCH EXPERT WORKS LATE



IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT THE DYING MAN FINDS THE VALUE OF ACID... AND SCORES A PERFECT HIT!



MY-MY FACE IS RUINED! LOOK AT ME! TELL ME...AM I UGLY?



YOU GUYS GET ME THE NAME OF SOME DOC! SOMEBODY THAT'S GOOD! GET ME? A SURGEON WHO CAN DO A SKIN-GRAFTING JOB AND MAKE ME EVEN BETTER LOOKIN' THAN BEFORE!



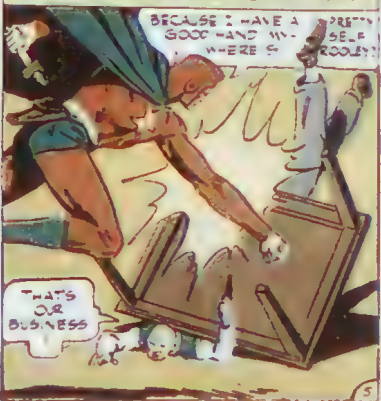
HERE'S A DOC - NAMED FRED MARTINI! A YEAR AGO HE WAS CHIEF SURGEON AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL! WELL GO WITH YOU!



A QUICK DEPARTURE. THEN ONE HOUR LATER AS CARDS FALL SOFTLY ON TABLES A GRIM, SCARLET FORM SWOOPS THROUGH THE WINDOW!



LIKE A RAGING TIGER, THE SCARLET SCOURGE SWINGS INTO ACTION





OH HERE TO SEE
ROOLEY AND THE
QUICKER I SEE HIM
THE SOONER YOU
PUNKS'LL BE LET
ALONE!

HE AINT
HERE... HE'S
GONE TO SEE
DOC MARTIN!



MARTIN!
COULD THAT BE
YOUNG RED'S
BROTHER?



IT NOT ONLY COULD BE BUT IT
IS! AND AS HE SITS BROODING,
FIGHTING AGAINST HIMSELF,
THE HARDEST OF ALL BATTLES...

I'VE BEEN
PRACTICING
FOR A YEAR
ON ANIMALS.
I CAN CURE
THEM... BUT
CAN I CURE
A MAN?

HELLO,
DOC!



YOU FRED MARTIN? I
WANT YOU TO OPERATE
ON ME... FIX UP MY
FACE

WHAT?
I... I O.KAY...
I'LL OPERATE!



WHAT CAN
I LOSE? HE'S
A CROOK, BUT
IF I CAN CURE
HIM, IT MEANS
I'VE RECOVERED
MY NERVE!
WELL, HE MADE
ME DO IT!



SILENCE FILLS THE ROOM
TUNED ONLY BY THE SHARP
SNIP-SNIP OF SCISSORS THE
SLICE OF A SCALPEL THE FLASH
OF A HAGEDORN NEEDLE...

THERE...
ALMOST
DONE!



AND LATER AS
DOCTOR MARTIN
TASTES THE SHARP
THRILL OF SUCCESS!

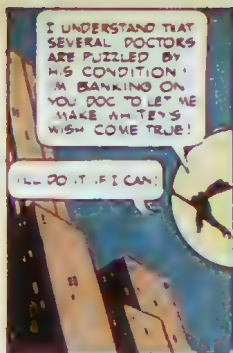
I'VE DONE IT!
I'VE RECOVERED
MY TOUCH! I
CAN PER-
FORM ANY
OPERATION
NOW!

CONGRAT-
ULATIONS
WMM...
I SEE
YOUR
PATIENT
IS GONE.



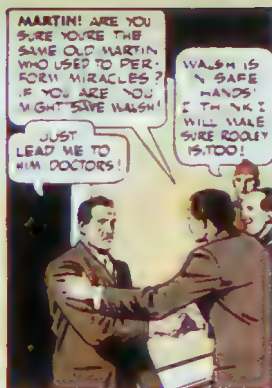
GOOD! THEN
YOU CAN SAVE
WHITEY WASH'S
FATHER! I
CAN GET
ROOLEY ANY-
TIME... BUT
WE MUST SAVE
WASH NOW
THAT WE'VE
GOT THE
CHANCE!

YES... I WAS
AFRAID TO
TEST MYSELF.
BUT WHEN
ROOLEY MADE
ME, I DISCOVERED I'M AS
GOOD AS EVER!



I UNDERSTAND THAT SEVERAL DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED BY HIS CONDITION! I'M BANKING ON YOU DOC TO LET ME MAKE AN' TENS WISH COME TRUE!

I'LL DO IT, IF I CAN!



MARTIN! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE THE SAME OLD MARTIN WHO USED TO PERFORM MIRACLES? IF YOU ARE YOU MIGHT SAVE WALSH!

JUST LEAD ME TO HIM DOCTORS!

WALSH IS A SAFE HANDS! I THINK I WILL MAKE SURE ROOLEY IS TOO!



MEANWHILE ROOLEY IS HIMSELF AGAIN!

ROOLEY YOU'RE BETTER LOOKIN' THAN BEFORE!

HA HA! I THINK I AM PEANUTS! I THINK I AM!



STARMAN!

THAT FACELL LOOK EVEN BETTER BEHND BARS ROOLEY!

GET HIM BOYS!



YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST!



AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS ARE JUST CATCHING EACH OTHER SO FAR!

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!

AAA-B-B! THINK I'M DOING THIS ON PURPOSE?

I CAN'T LET HIM GET ME!

ONE SIDE PUNKS I'M IN A HURRY



YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN FASTER THAN THAT TO GET AWAY!

I'M RUNNING AS FAST AS I CAN!



THEN THAT
ISN'T GOOD
ENOUGH!

LOOK OUT-
FOR MY FACE!

DON'T- DON'T
HIT ME! YOU-
YOU'LL SPOIL
THE
OPERATION!

SUITS
ME!
WHAT I
WANT
FROM YOU
IS A
CON-
FESS-
ION
ANY-
HOW!



CONFESS-ON?
ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT THE JOB
FOR WHICH
CHARLIE
FRENCH IS
TAKING THE
RAP!



HA HA! YOU CANT MAKE ME!
AND YOU HAVE NO PROOF
THAT I DID THAT JOB!
HA HA! YOU'RE BEATEN.
STARMAN!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



SEE HOW MY
GRAVITY ROD RAISED THAT
CHAR? IT COULD ALSO RAISE
THAT NEW FACE OF YOURS!

NO NO
NO OH NO
NO-THAT



I COULD STAND
ANYTHING BUT
BEING UGLY
AGAIN! THERE
NOW YOU HAVE
YOUR
CONFESSION!

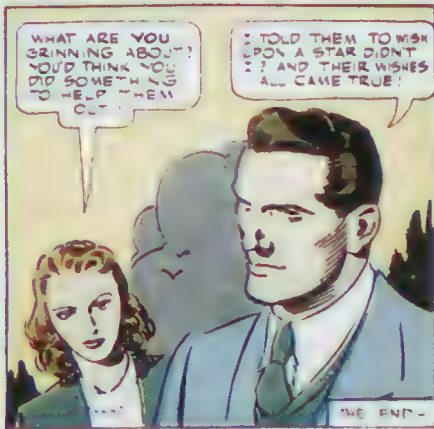
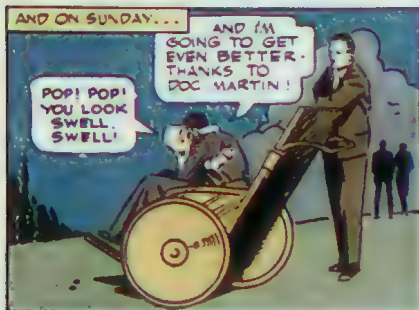
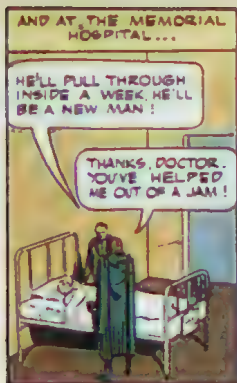
SHALL WE
PAY CHARLIE
FRENCH'S
WARDEN A VISIT
NOW?



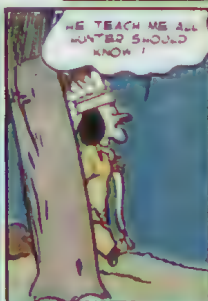
AND SO IT IS THAT EARLY
THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE...

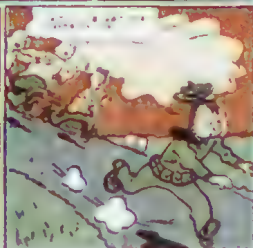
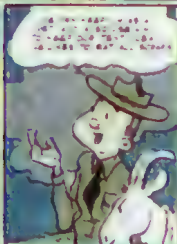
YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME,
WARDEN?

I'M FREEING
YOU, FRENCH!
STARMAN
BROUGHT IN
THE MAN THAT
FRAMED YOU!



CHIEF HOT FOOT





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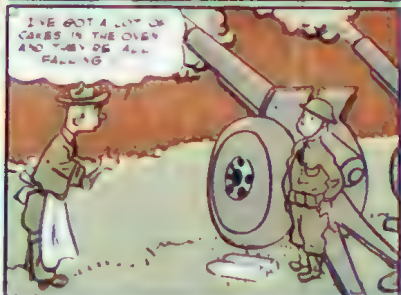
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FROM ALL-AMERICAN, FLASH,
AND SENSATION COMICS!**

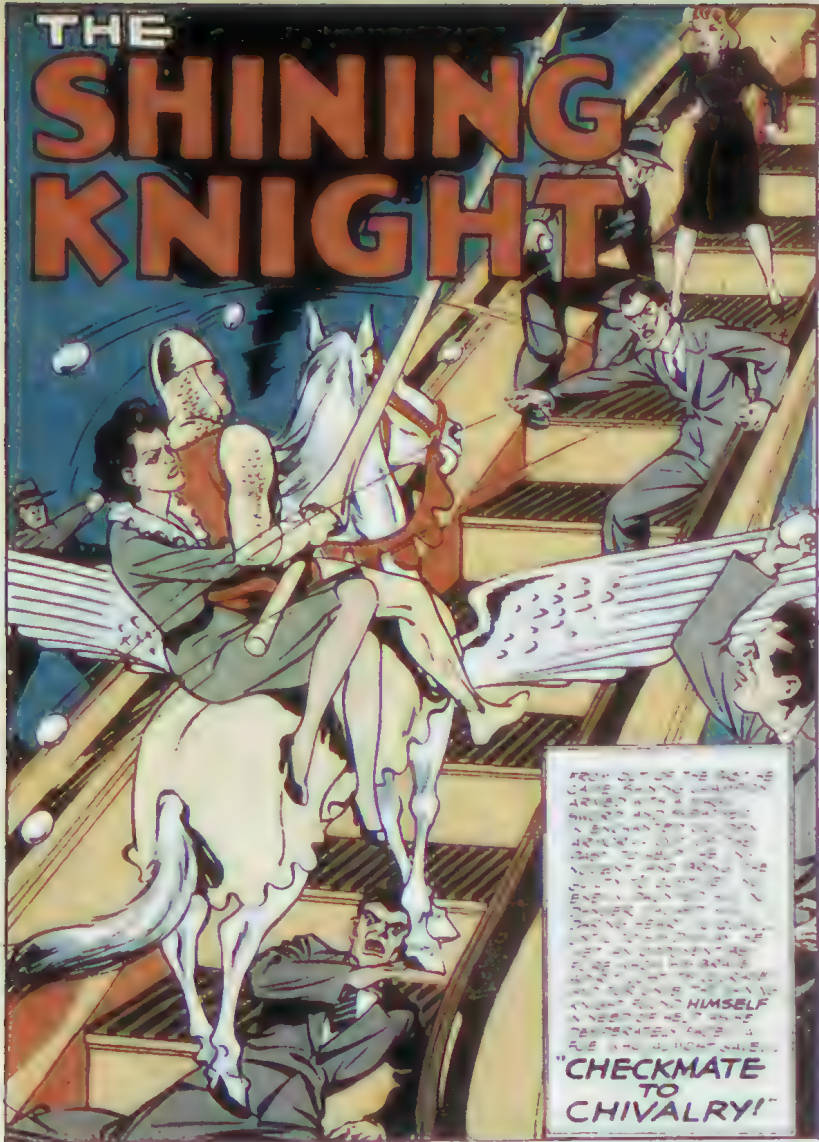


**PAGES OF BRAND
NEW ADVENTURES OF**

**PIONEER WOMAN, FLASH,
GREEN LANTERN,
GHOST PATROL, WILDCAT,
RED, WHITE and BLUE, SCRIBBLY,
BLACK PIRATE — MINUTE MOVIES!**

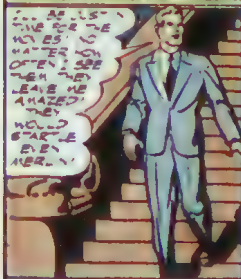


THE SHINING KNIGHT



FROM THE
COMIC BOOKS
OF THE
FUTURE
A NEW
SERIES
OF
STORIES
BY
THE
FAMOUS
AUTHOR
OF
THE
SHINING
KNIGHT
HIMSELF
"CHECKMATE
TO
CHIVALRY!"

EARLY ONE EVENING THE SHINY KNIGHT WAS JUST AS USUAL AS STAN - PROFESSOR MORGAN LEAVES THE MUSEUM...



... AS USUAL TIME FOR THE MOVES! NO MATTER HOW OFFER! SEE THEN THEY LEAVE HE HAZED THEY WOULD STAY! EVEN HERE!

AS JUST LEAVES THE MUSEUM BEHIND...



LET ME GO!
BY MY SHINY SWORD THESE SCOUNDRELS ARE MISTREATING A LADY!
KNIGHTS ON VARY! HE'S NOT HERE! HE STAND BY!

BEFORE THE KEY CAN REALIZE IS THAT THEY ARE PLACED BY FLASHING FISTS!



THAT'S MY HAND HER WARE! OF ELSE! WILL TEACH THIS COURTESY WITH MY FISTS!
HEY!

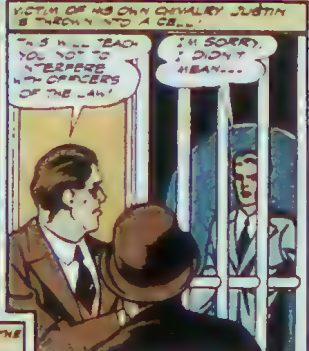


TAKE THAT!
UGH!
WHAT A BREAK!
I'LL GET HIM!
AND IS HE TOUGH!
BETTER SCRAM!
A HURRY!



A MOMENT LATER...

HERE DETECTIVES! MASTER AND YOU HELPED A CRIMINAL TO ESCAPE!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
BUT... A LADY... I DIDN'T KNOW...



VICTIM OF HIS OWN CHEVALRY JUSTIN IS THROWN INTO A CELL...

I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO INTERFERE WITH OFFICERS OF THE LAW!
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN...



MEANWHILE...

LISTEN BOYS! THE GUY WHO BEAT UP THOSE COPS WOULD MAKE A SWELL ADD-ON TO THE GANG! I'VE GOTTA GET HIM OUT OF JAIL!
GUY! GUY! YOU'RE RUNNING! THE MOB!



WATER THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE JAIL HOUSE - I -

THE GUY TAKEN IN FOR THE WHOLE JAIL VENTILATING SYSTEM! A MINUTE THE LAUGHING GAS FROM THESE EGGS WILL BE ALL OVER THE PLACE!
BE SURE NOT TO BREATHE ANY OF YOURSELF!

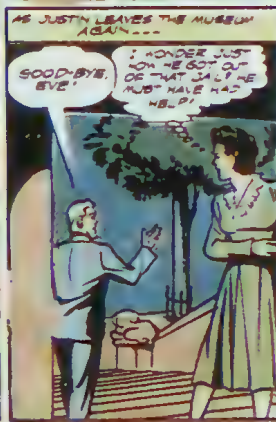


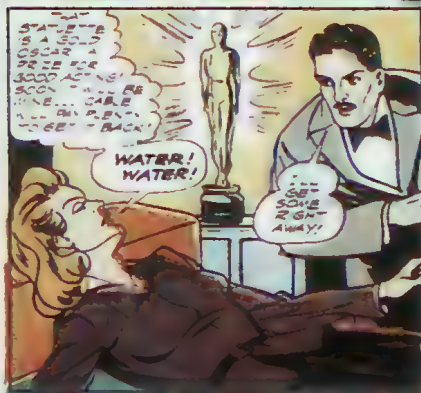
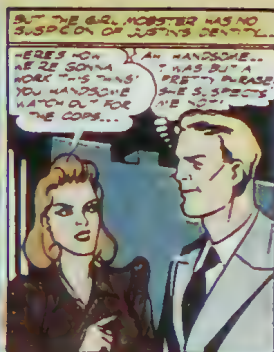
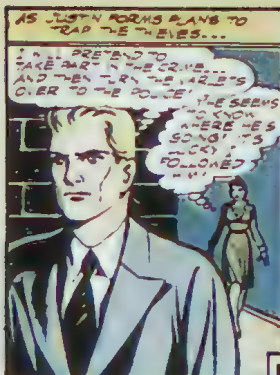
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS...

YOU WORK BOYS! THAT GAS WILL KEEP 'EM LAUGHING FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR! THEN CAN'T STOP US!
LET'S GET THAT GUY OUT QUICK!



LATER... IN THE SECRET STABLE UNDERBATH THE MUSEUM, WHERE JUSTIN'S STEED, WINGED VICTORY IS HIDDEN...

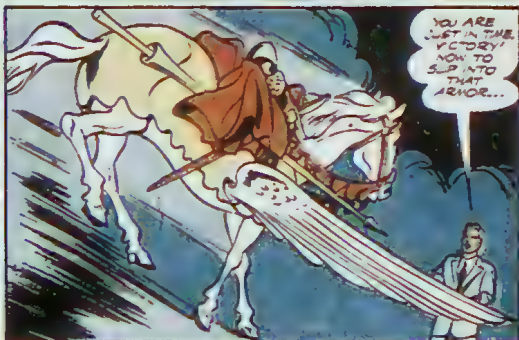




LATER, WHEN THE CINEMA STAR RETURNS...



MEANWHILE, A LONG, SHRILL WHISTLE PENETRATES THE AIR...



WHILE AROUND THE CORNER...



THUS A FEW SECONDS LATER...





"YOU POST #1 NELL SCOUNDREL!"

"OKEY LADY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!"



SO THOU WOLDEST STRIKE A LADY! A FOLK LIKE THINE CANNOT SUFFER FROM BEING MASKED, THOU ROGUE!"

OWWWW!

THANKS KNIGHT!



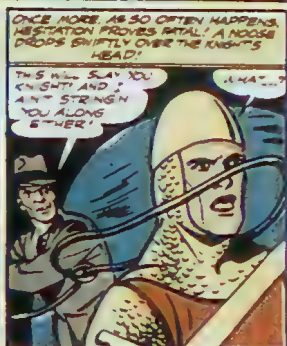
"NAY, I CANNOT STRIKE HER! I WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

"LOOKS LIKE THE GUY'S SCARED OF ME!"



BULLETS CANT PENETRATE THAT ARMOR... MAYBE IF I AIMED AT HIS FACE..."

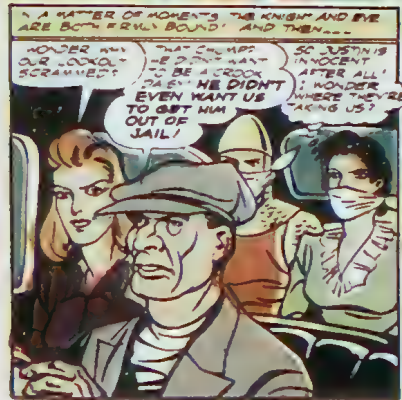
MY WHIRLING SWORD TURNS BULLETS AROUND BUT STILL AM BARTERED...



ONCE MORE AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, HESITATION PROVES FATAL! A NOOSE DROOPS SHIFTLY OVER THE KNIGHT'S HEAD!"

"THIS WILL SAY YOU KNIGHT! AND AINT STRENGTH YOU ALONG EITHER!"

"HAA..."



"A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE KNIGHT AND IVE ARE BOTH FULLY BOUND! AND THEN..."

"WONDER WHY OUR LOOKOUT SCRAMMED?"

"THAT CHUMP HE DONT WANT TO BE A CROOK THEN HE DIDNT EVEN WANT US TO GET HIM OUT OF JAIL!"

"SO JUSTIN IS INNOCENT AFTER ALL! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?"



AT THE FOOT OF A MOVING STAIRWAY...

"THIS DEPARTMENT STORE WAS BURNED BUT THE ESCALATOR STILL WORKS! AND YOU TWO ARE GOING FOR A FAST RIDE ON IT!"

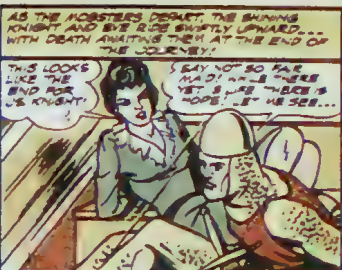
"THIS DANCE HAS AN EVIL PURPOSE N AIN!"



THE LANDING ON
THE FOURTH FLOOR
HAS BEEN BURNED
AWAY! WHEN YOU
THOUGHT THERE
YOU'RE COMING
DOWN AGAIN...
FAST!

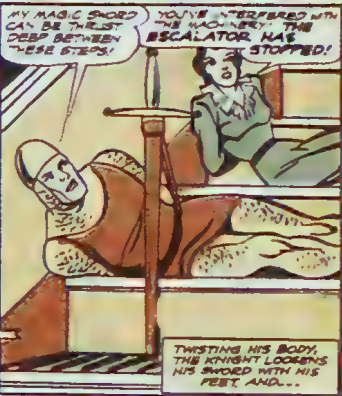
COME ON
DASY!
LET'S GET
SOON ON THE NEXT
JOB...
HAT PHIL-
SOMETHING
SAY WITH
THE
TRIANGLES!

THIS
RASCAL
SPEAKS
A
STRANGE
LANGUAGE!



THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE
END FOR
US KNIGHT!

I SAY NOT SO FEAR
HARD! WHILE THERE
YET I SEE THERE'S
HOPE! - LET US SEE...



MY MAGIC SWORD
CAN BE THIRST
DEEP BETWEEN
THESE STEPS!

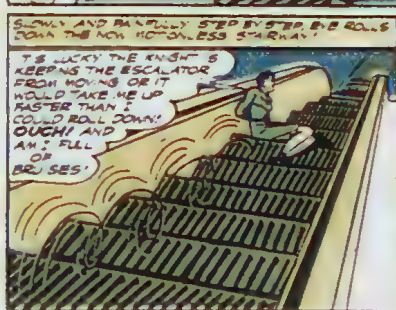
YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH
THE MACHINERY! THE
ESCALATOR HAS STOPPED!

THRUSTING HIS BODY,
THE KNIGHT LOCKS
HIS SWORD WITH HIS
FEET AND...



AND NONE TOO SOON!
HOW TO RELEASE
US FROM OUR
BONDS...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA
HOW TO DO THAT!



SLOWLY AND BARELY STEP BY STEP HE ROLLS
DOWN THE NON-MOTIONLESS STAIRWAY!

IT'S LUCKY THE KNIGHT'S
KEEPING THE ESCALATOR
FROM MOVING OR IT
WOULD TAKE HIM UP
FASTER THAN I
COULD ROLL DOWN!
OUCH! AND
AM I FULL
OF
BRUISES!



WITH DEFT MOTIONS,
SHE CUTS HER BONDS
WITH THE WIRE'S
SHARP EDGES...

I DON'T THINK
MUCH OF DUMMIES
BUT THIS ONE
COMES IN
HANDY!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...



FOR ONLY WE KNOW WHERE THE BULL ROGUES HERE GOING WE COULD PUT AN END TO THE RACKET DEEDS.

I THINK I CAN TELL YOU, KNIGHT! THAT CROOK WHO TALKED OF A PHILA-SOMETHING MEANT A PHILATELIST, A STAMP COLLECTOR! TRANGLES ARE VALUABLE STAMPS!

AND THE WELSH STAMP COMPANY SAT FAR AWAY FROM HERE!

VERILY, THOU ART A BEE DAMEL!



BUT NOW I SEE NEED FOR STRENGTH AND VALOR! STAY YOU HERE WHILE I PUNISH THE VILE BARLETS!

WELL I LIKE THAT!



WOMEN MAY HAVE TAKEN ORDERS FROM KING ARTHUR'S DAY... BUT NOT NOW! I'LL BE SEEING YOU KNIGHT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD AS THE WOODLANS GATHER THEIR PLUNDER...



SEE, DASH TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE MARK OF PAPER'S WORTH REAL DOLLAR!

COME ON SRAB! HE GOTTA BE GOING FAST!

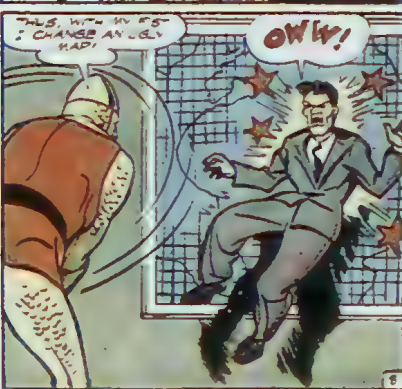
BUT WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF A STROKE OF LIGHTNING...



I SHALL STAMP OUT THIS BASE VILLAIN!

AHHH...

TOUGH HE RUBBED HIM OUT!



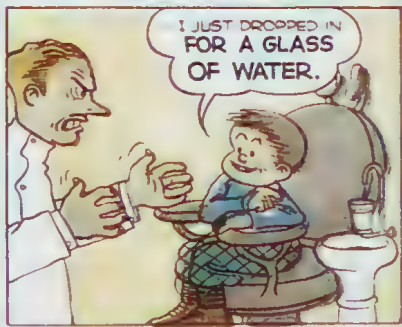
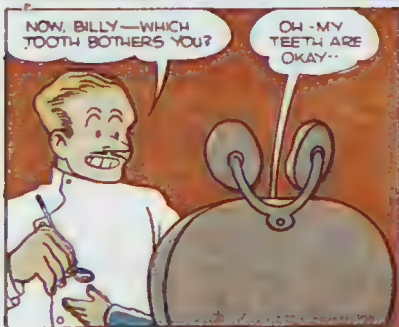
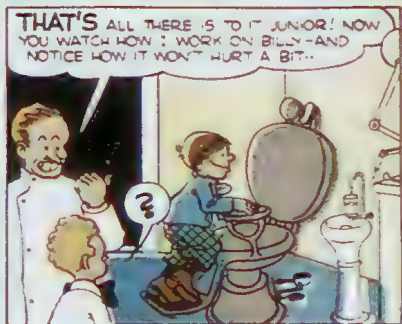
THIS WITH MY FIRST CHANGE ANGRILY MADE!

OWH!



THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY'S SHINING SWORD AND FLASHING LANCE CUT THE R WAY THROUGH AN ENTANGLING WEB OF INTRIGUE TO BRING AN AMAZING ROGUE TO JUSTICE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS!**

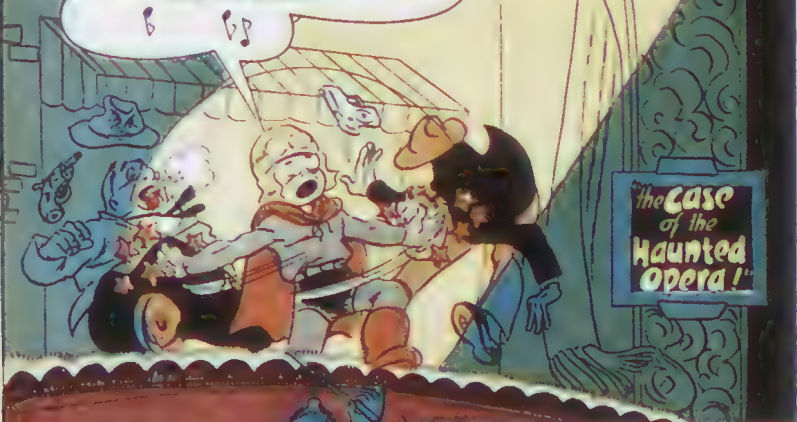
THIS WON'T HURT



Genius Jones

by **SHANKS & ALLEN**

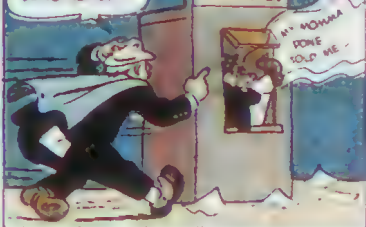
THREE BAD CROOKS...
THREE BAD CROOKS...
SEE HOW THEY RUN...
SEE HOW THEY RUN...
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE SAFE AND OUT OF SIGHT...
I GOT ON THEIR TRAIL THE OTHER NIGHT...
AND FINISHED THEM OFF IN A CRAZY FIGHT...
THREE BAD CROOKS!



LATE ONE EVENING AS GENIUS JONES WHILES AWAY A BUSINESS

GENIUS JONES!
"HANG HEAVEN!
I'M FINDING NOW!
MY BUSINESS IS
BEING RUINED!"

GENIUS JONES
RECEIVES AN ORDER
FOR A PRIZE
CHILDREN SOLD FOR \$





AND 60-0-0 AT THE STAGE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA...
THE ANSWERMAN ATTACKS ANOTHER ENEMA!



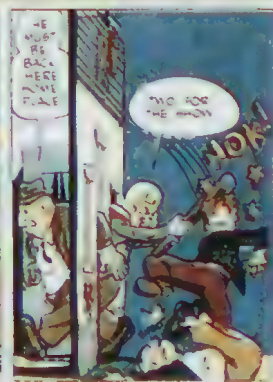
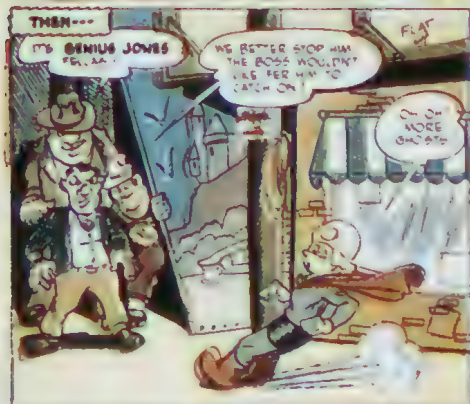
ABRUPTLY A WEIRD AFFAIRION INVADES THE SACRED
OPERA STAGE!

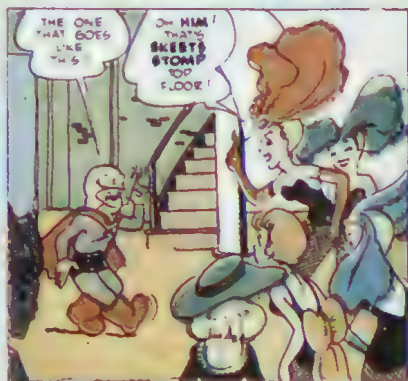


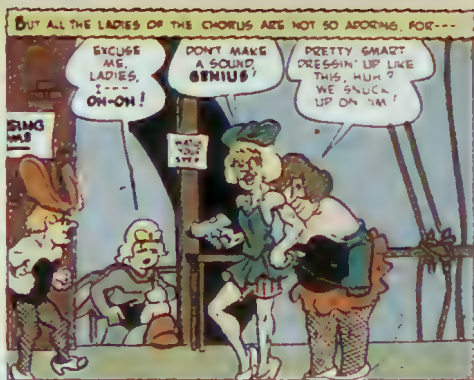
THAT'S
NO
GHOST THAT'S
A JITTERBUG
AND MONDIE
HE'S A MAFIA!

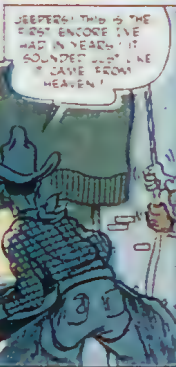
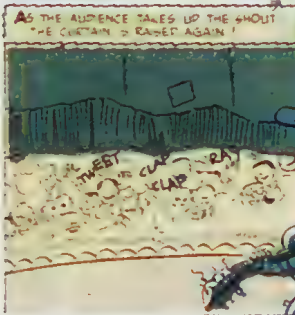
JITTERBUG? GEEZ!
ONE BEST OF LAY!
NO! NO! NO! - A
GHOST? DO
SOMETHING!

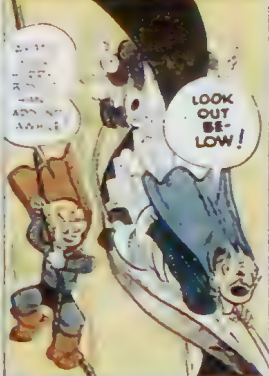


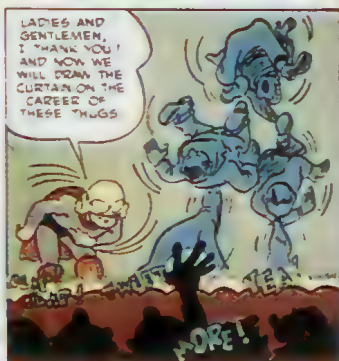
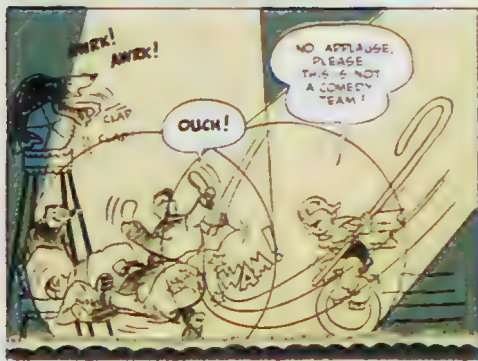
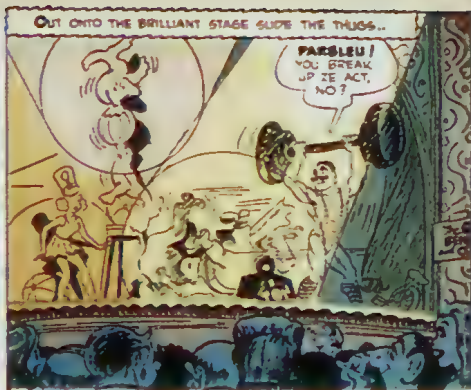




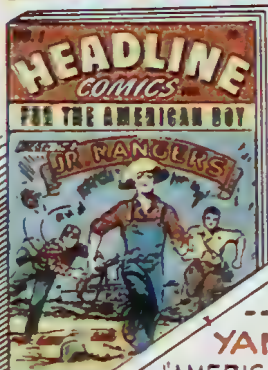








EXTRA!



HERE'S A BRAND - NEW
MAGAZINE LOADED TO
THE BRIM WITH **ALL-BOY**
FEATURES — JUST AS
YOU LIKE THEM!

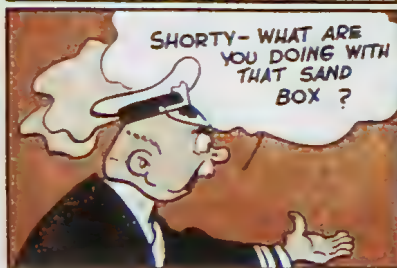
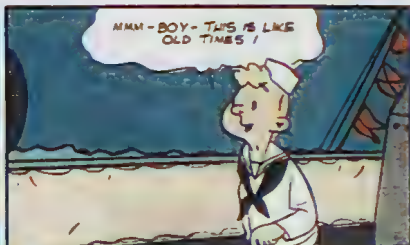
**DON'T MISS THIS
FIRST ISSUE**

**ON SALE
NOW!**

- AND
AN OLD
FAVORITE
- STILL DISHING
OUT PLENTY OF
HIGH-VOLTAGE ACTION!

A FLOCK
OF TOP-FLIGHT
PICTURE-STORIES
-- AND STARRING
YANK AND DOODLE
"AMERICA'S FIGHTING TWINS"

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE
RIGHT NOW --- AND A NEW
ISSUE EVERY MONTH! GET IT!



MANHUNTER

**PAUL KIRK,
FORMER BIG
GAME HUNTER,
RETURNS TO
AMERICA IN
HER TIME OF
NEED TO TURN
INTO...**

MANHUNTER...

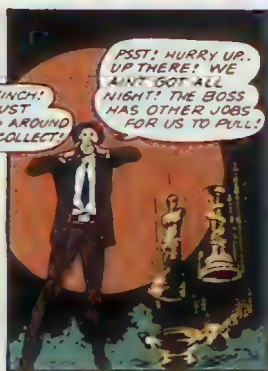
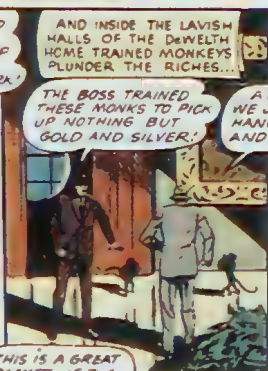
**...CHAMPION
OF JUSTICE,
AND HUNTER OF
HUMAN HYENAS,
WHOSE CRIME
AND CORRUPTION
THREATEN AN
ENTIRE COUNTRY
... ONLY TO
FIND HIMSELF
TANGLED IN THE
TRAP OF A
DETECTIVE
OBSESSED WITH
A DESIRE TO
TRACK THE MOST
THRILLING**

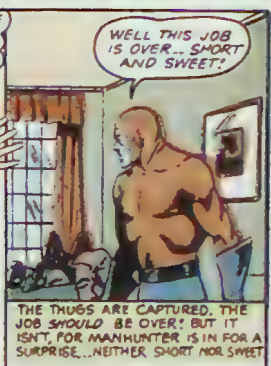
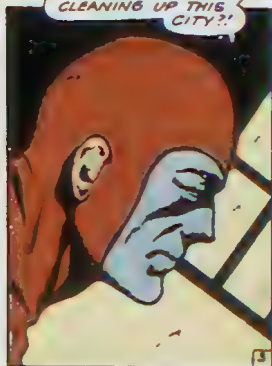
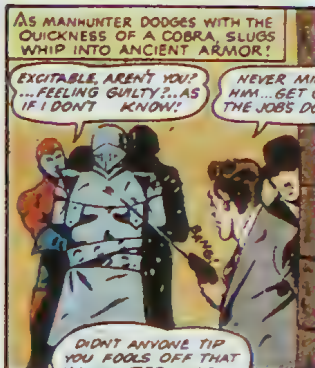
**"JUSTICE WAS
TAKEN FOR A
JOY RIDE!"**

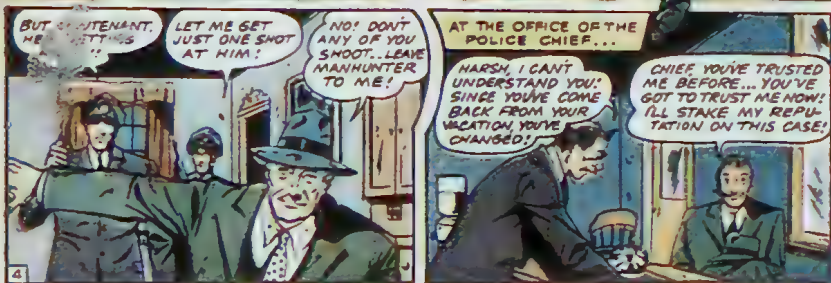
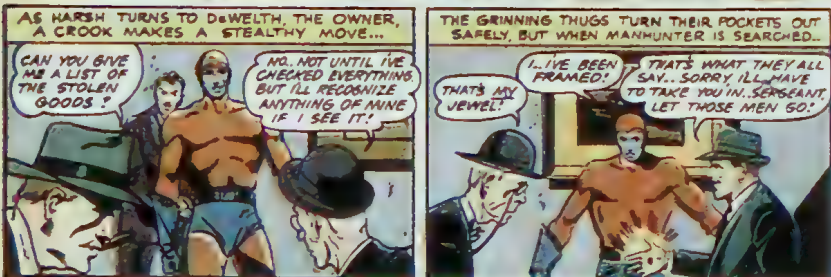


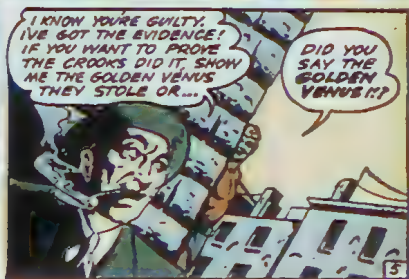
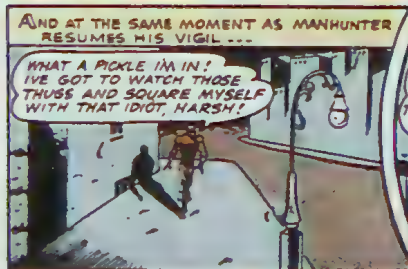
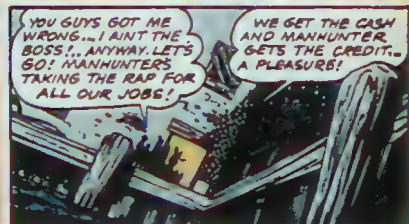
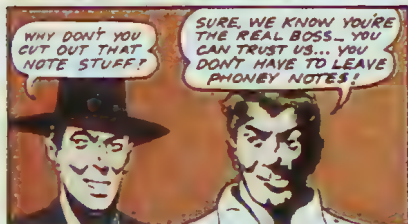
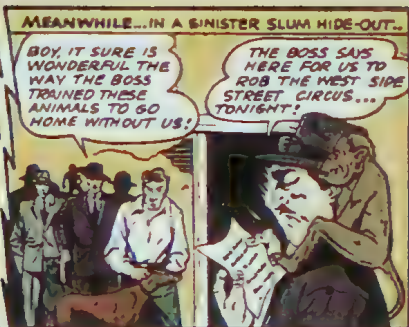
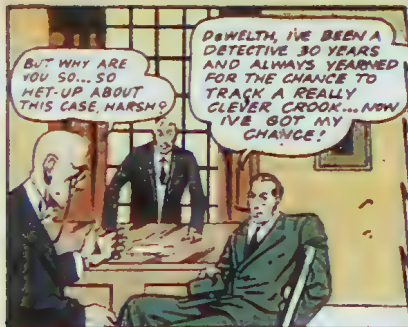
**AS
EVENING
FALLS,
THE SHADOWS
OF A SINISTER
CARAVAN
STEAL ACROSS
THE CITY...**

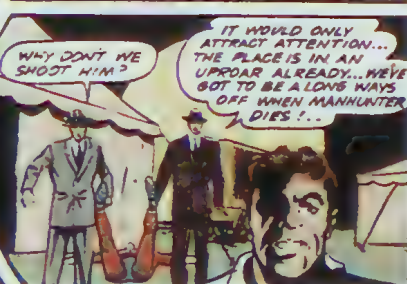
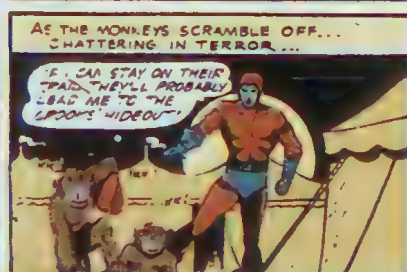
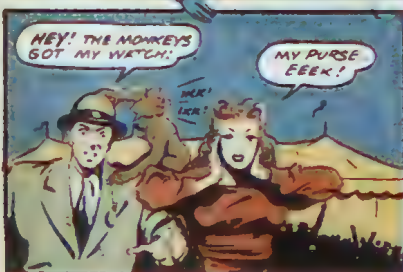


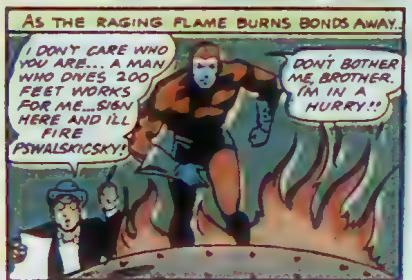
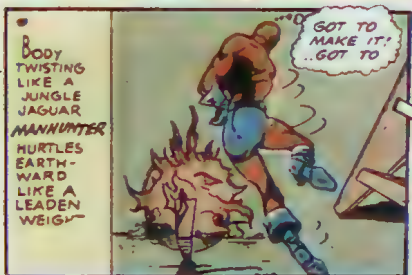
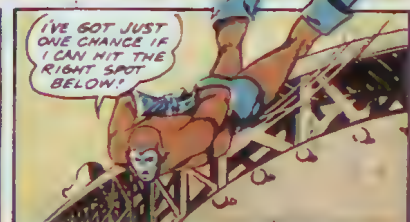
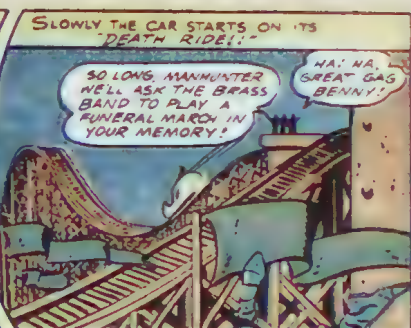
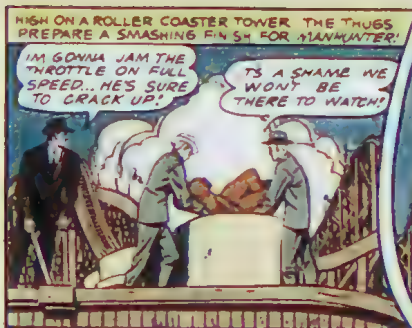


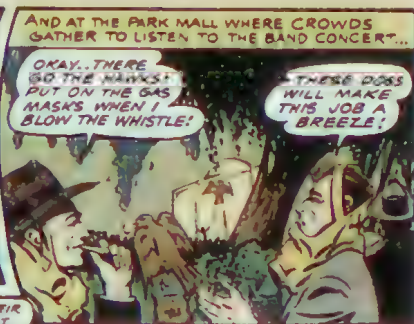




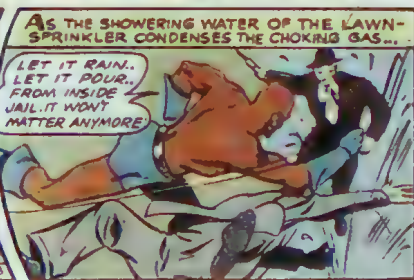
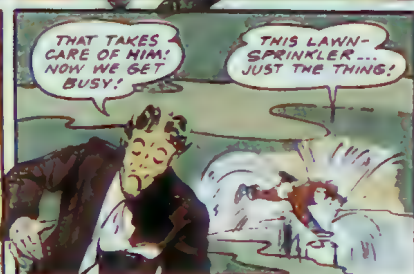








A SHRILL WHISTLE BLASTS... AND DOWN CRASH SCORES OF TEAR GAS BOMBS!

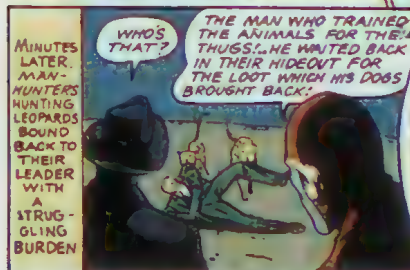




QUICKLY MANHUNTER UNLEASHES THE THUGS GREY-
HOUNDS AND MAKES AN ADDITION TO THE PACK...



AND AS THE POLICE SQUADS FOLLOW
THE POLICE CHIEF TO THE SCENE...



SCIENTIFIC VENGEANCE

by Grant Ball

THE man hunt had been on for a week and still there had been no trace of Pierre Ferand. In a country as vast as Alaska a man can lose himself in the gloomy silence of winter, even if he did not commit a murder. But Pierre Ferand had, and now it was no secret why Professor Devereaux had been murdered. The formula he had just completed would be very valuable in enemy hands.

Carmody, who had been working with Devereaux, looked appealingly at the two men, sitting with him in the overheated hunting lodge. They had found Carmody, almost dead from cold, almost snow blind, wandering about in the waste lands. Their names were Jason and Diggins. In the winter, they trapped. When the ice broke, and the spring thaw came, they used their hunting lodge as a recreational place for the rich.

Jason looked evenly at Carmody. "The aging man's slight body was encased in a heavy blanket, and there was a steaming drink on the table along side him. 'Diggins and I know how you feel, Professor. It's tough to have a pal killed. But why don't you let the law find Ferand? And the FBI.' He shook his head sympathetically. 'A fellow like you shouldn't be out alone.'"

Carmody's pale blue eyes burned intensely. "I've got to

find him," he said. "He killed the best friend I had. And he's got those plans. You gentlemen can't seem to understand what that means."

Diggins was big and slow spoken. "I know Ferand," he said softly. "He'll let nothing stop him to get out of this country. It's been a week now since the first posse started looking for him. That murderer's like a fox. It'll take a cunning brain, and a good fist to get him." He smashed his hand on the table. Then, as though ashamed of this display of emotion, grinned abashedly. "Sorry. But I just happened to think if he ever got Jason, here, I'd sure not let up." He got to his feet. "But why don't you stay here awhile, Professor? Then, when you feel better, Jason and I will see if we can pick up his trail."

Carmody shook his head. "I—I—can't," he said. "There was a report on the radio that Ferand was seen in the vicinity of Arcton. An Eskimo reported a stranger on snowshoes passing the outskirts of the village."

Jason walked to the door, threw it open. An icy blast penetrated the room over the howling of the wind. Snow smashed into the cabin. Jason bent into the door, shoved it back. "That ought to answer you, Professor. The storm's worse than when we picked you up a few hours ago. You can

bet Ferand is holed up somewhere, waiting for it to die down. He knows this country too well to buck it."

"I—I—guess so," Carmody said wearily. He suddenly felt much older, even though he was not a young man. Maybe these fellows were right. A scientist had no business going out on a personal manhunt. It was better to let the law take its course.

But still, they didn't understand. They didn't know the tortures his brain was undergoing. If only he hadn't flown to Nome that weekend. Then Devereaux wouldn't have been left alone. Ferand must have been watching them for some time, discovered the location of the records. Every scrap relating to the formula had disappeared. There was nothing on the floor but Devereaux's body when Carmody had come back with the Government man.

Oh, he had been a smart enough fellow, that Government man. He had called the FBI right away, and they had managed to pin the murder on Pierre Ferand. The damaging letter, not quite burned, had been found in Ferand's cabin. It had promised a lot for the formula. Naturally, there had been no address, no signature on the letter. The enemies for whom Ferand worked were cautious as the murderer himself. It was amazing how long Ferand had been operating. And

the Devereaux formula for a new high explosive had been the biggest job. The finding of the letter in Ferand's cabin had also proven how information on secret air bases in Alaska had leaked out to the enemy.

Carmody groaned inwardly. Diggins was looking at him sympathetically while Jason busied himself pouring more coal into the red-hot stove. The cabin was unbearably hot.

Suddenly, over the howling of the wind outside came the report of a rifle. At first, the men in the cabin thought the coal stove had cracked, and their eyes turned to it.

That was their mistake. Their backs were to the door as it opened.

Pierre Ferand, one arm dangling loosely at his side, leaned against the door. His red-rimmed eyes were those of a madman, but the hand holding the gun was steady. The eyes narrowed as they saw Carmody.

Ferand was dressed for the elements. Beneath his parka, his beard was stiff and cold, as cold as his voice.

"There's a Sheriff trailing me," he said. "He won't figure I'll go here. I'm going into that back room. The first false move, and I'll kill the three of you before he gets me."

"Just like you killed my partner," Carmody gasped. His slight body stiffened, then relaxed as he watched the melting ice drip from Ferand's beard.

Diggins' voice was calm. "All right, Ferand," he said evenly. "You're holding this hand. Go ahead into the back room." His lips curled contemptuously. "Being shot in the back by you is what anybody would expect."

Ferand's eyes were wild. "I'll answer that later," he said hoarsely, moving warily toward the back, gun held unwaveringly. The killer instinct was all too apparent on his face. "If that lucky shot hadn't gotten me, I'd have lost that Sheriff in another mile."

"But you won't get away from me," Carmody's thin face was white. "I swore I'd track you down. And now I've got you, Ferand." There was a strange light in his eyes. He rose to his feet.

"Carmody, sit down! He'll kill you!" Diggins' voice was anxious. "Sit down!"

"He hasn't got the guts!" The little man took a step forward.

Ferand snarled. "Okay, I'll take care of you three and then I'll get that Sheriff. He'll never take me alone. Not with me in here!" He pulled the trigger. The faces of Diggins and Jason paled as Carmody stood full in the path of the bullet, ready to spring. Their ears awaited the crashing report.

But it didn't come. There was a click as Ferand's gun missed fire! The next instant, Carmody was on him like a wildcat. The gun rolled to the floor as the little scientist's teeth went into the murderer's wrist. Ferand howled with maddened pain.

Then he lay still as Diggins' big fist crashed into his face. The door burst open and the Sheriff came in, his rifle ready for action.

He blinked as his eyes took in the scene. Diggins was towing over Ferand. Jason was helping a sobbing little man to a chair. It was but an instant, and the Sheriff had the cuffs on his prisoner. "I picked up Ferand's trail an hour ago," he said, "and finally managed to

catch up with him. I never expected to get him alive, and I knew it was either me or him. I lost him after I winged him. I was ready to pass this place by, figuring he'd never come in here." He slid out of his fur coat, looked admiringly at Diggins. "I didn't figure he'd ever let any man close enough to sock him," he said. "You sure took an awful chance, Diggins."

The big man shook his head. He was looking admiringly at Carmody. The scientist looked so thin and frail. "I didn't do it, Sheriff," he said. "Carmody, here, walked right up to him." His eyes bewildered, and unbelieving, he looked again at the scientist. "You're the one who took the chance, Professor," he said. "If that gun hadn't missed fire—!"

"I knew it would," Carmody's voice was low. Now, for the first time, he seemed to be seeing the men. A faint smile crossed his face. "What was it you said would capture Ferand, Diggins? Cunning and a big fist?" He smiled. "You were right. You had the fist."

The little man looked over at Ferand's still form and went on. "He never learned that when a gun freezes in sub-zero temperature and is taken into a hot room, the mechanism is bound to expand. That's scientific fact! And a man who doesn't understand science can get himself into a lot of trouble sometimes."

"Professor," Diggins said earnestly. "You sure said something." He looked at Jason. "And now you'd better lie down and rest while Jason and I help the Sheriff take this murdering wolf into town. That's our part of your manhunt!"

The End

HOURLMAN

With **THORNDYKE**

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ



IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE ADVERTISING IS A BILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRY, BRINGING USEFUL PRODUCTS BEFORE THE BUYERS OF THE WORLD... BUT WHEN A GANG OF THUGS BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF CRIME TO ADVERTISE THEIR SKILL IN SKULDUGGERY TO BUYERS OF THE UNDERWORLD.... HOURLMAN, SIXTY-MINUTE CRIME-CRUSADER, HAS TO WRITE HIS OWN DYNAMIC COPY TO SOLVE THE CASE OF....

"THE RIDDLES IN RHYME!"



GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE OUR EXHIBIT?



YOU GOT US WRONG, LADY! WE'RE GONNA TAKE IT! WE HEARD THESE SHOE CLIPS ARE WORTH \$10,000!



OKAY.. LET'S GO!

I'M LEAVING OUR CALLING CARD!



THAT'S STRANGE ALL THE CARD SAYS IS 'ONE-TWO'! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

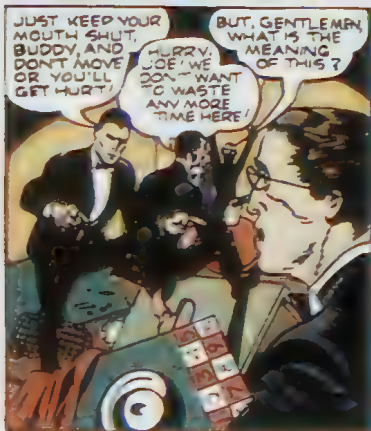
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



THAT EVENING, AT 'THE DOOR' GOTHAM'S SMARTEST NIGHT SPOT...

GOOD EVENING! ENJOY YOURSELVES!

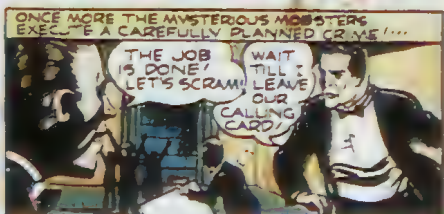
DON'T WORRY CHUM! WE'RE GONNATURN THE PLACE UP! SIDE DOWN!



JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, BUDDY, AND DON'T MOVE OR YOU'LL GET HURT!

HURRY, JOE! WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME HERE!

BUT, GENTLEMEN, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



ONCE MORE THE MYSTERIOUS MONSTERS EXECUTE A CAREFULLY PLANNED CRIME!...

THE JOB IS DONE! LET'S SCRAM!

WAIT TILL I LEAVE OUR CALLING CARD!



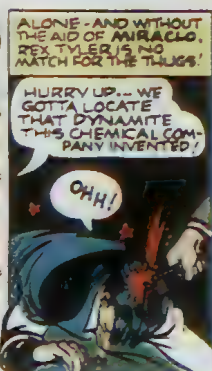
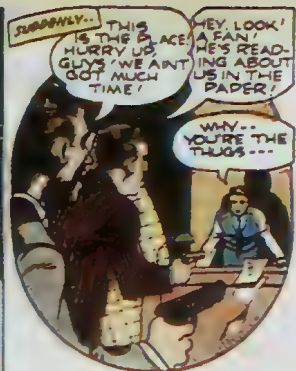
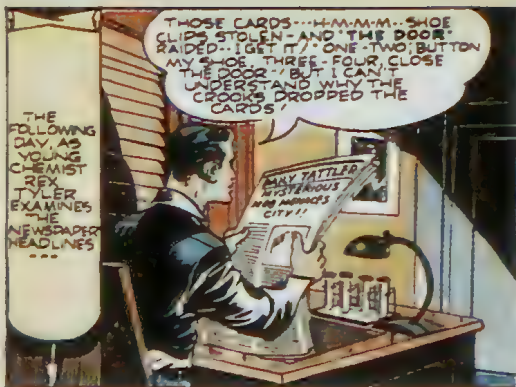
AND WHEN THE CARD IS PICKED UP...

THIS MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT ROBBED THE WOMEN'S SHOE!

BUT WHAT DOES THIS CARD MEAN?

WHY DON'T THE POLICE DO SOMETHING?

3, 4



AT HOME... MIRAZLO... MYSTERIOUS
POWER-GIVING RAY TURNS REX TYLER
INTO HOURMAN!

THESE CRIMES, THORNDYKE
ARE FOLLOWING THE
PAT TERN OF AN OLD
NURSERY RHYME, BUT
THEY DON'T MAKE
SENSE! THERE'S NO
PROFIT IN RUINING A
NIGHT CLUB OR
STEALING DYNAMITE!

THIS IS
GONNA BE
A TOUGH ONE
TO FIGURE OUT



HOW'RE YOU
GONNA PICK
UP THE TRAIL
OF THOSE
THUGS?

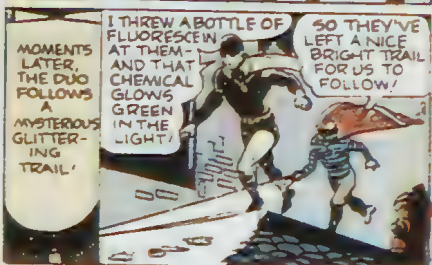
THAT WILL BE
SIMPLE!
GRAB A
FLASHLIGHT
AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!



MOMENTS
LATER,
THE DUO
FOLLOWS
A
MYSTERIOUS
GLITTER-
ING
TRAIL!

I THREW A BOTTLE OF
FLUORESCEN
AT THEM-
AND THAT
CHEMICAL
GLOWS
GREEN
IN THE LIGHT!

SO THEY'VE
LEFT A NICE
BRIGHT TRAIL
FOR US TO
FOLLOW!



THEY HAVE
FOUND US!

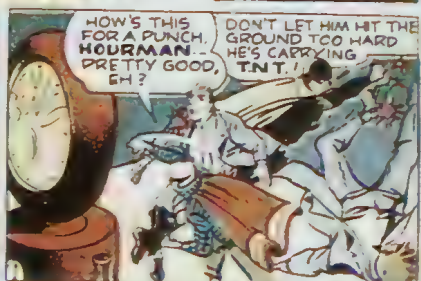
THERE THEY
ARE!

HOURMAN!



HOW'S THIS
FOR A PUNCH.
HOURMAN--
PRETTY GOOD,
EH?

DON'T LET HIM HIT THE
GROUND TOO HARD
HE'S CARRYING
TNT!



QUICK! DRILL
HOURMAN!
DON'T TAKE
ANY CHANCES!

I'LL-HEY
GULP!

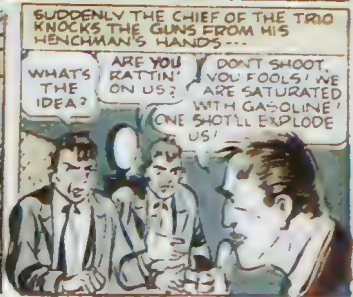


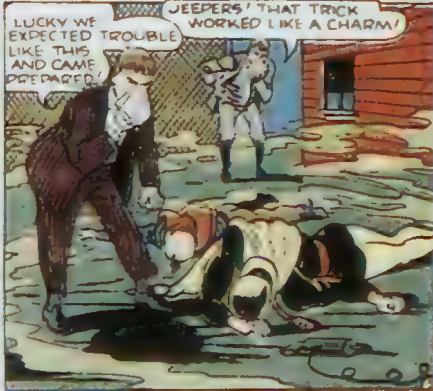
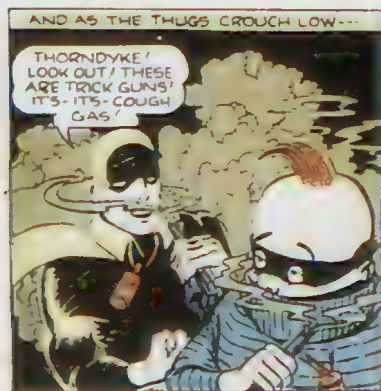
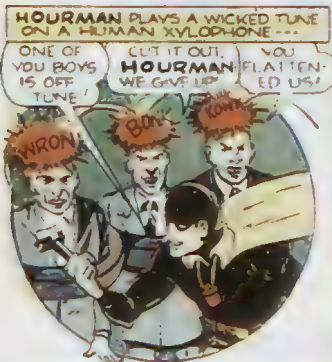
SUDDENLY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIO
KNOCKS THE GUNS FROM HIS
HENCHMAN'S HANDS---

WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

ARE YOU
RATTIN'
ON US?

DON'T SHOOT,
YOU FOOLS! WE
ARE SATURATED
WITH GASOLINE!
ONE SHOT'LL EXPLODE
US!





QUICKLY
THE
MAN OF
THE
HOUR
AND HIS
BOY
COMPAN-
ION ARE
BOUND

WE SURE
STOPPED
THESE GUYS
COLD!

YEAH, OUR ADVER-
TISING CAMPAIGN
IS GOING PLENTY
FINE! THE PAPERS
IS GIVING US PLENTY
OF PUBLICITY ON
ACCOUNT OF THEM
CARDS WE DROPPED!

THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD
IS GONNA KNOW THAT
WE CAN PULL OFF ANY
KIND OF A JOB ANY TIME,
ANY PLACE! WE'LL GET
PLENTY OF BUSINESS -
AND WE'LL CHARGE
PLENTY!

AND NOW
HOURMAN'S
WALKED RIGHT
INTO OUR
HANDS! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!

WE'LL USE
HOURMAN
AND HIS PAL
FOR THE 'SEVEN
-EIGHT' PART
OF OUR ADVER-
ISING CAMPAIGN!

I GET IT!
'SEVEN-
EIGHT,
LIE THEM
STRAIGHT!

WE'LL PUT
THEM OUT
COLD!

HIGH ON THE ADJOINING DRAW-
BRIDGE, THE TEAM IS TIED...

HEY! AIN'T
WE GONNA
GAG THEM
TWO?

WE DON'T
HAVE TO!
IT'S GETTING
SO FOGGY
THAT NO ONE
WILL KNOW
WHERE TO
LOOK EVEN IF
THEY DO YELL
FOR HELP!

NOW WE'LL
GO BACK ON
OUR OLD
SCHEDULE!
WE'LL GOT
'NINE-TEN'
TO TAKE
CARE OF!

YEAH AND
WE'RE GONNA
NEED PLENTY
CASH FOR
FUTURE
EXPENSES!

AND AS
A SLOW
SPUTTER-
ING FUSE
BURNS
TOWARD
DESTRUCTION...

HOURMAN! THIS
T.N.T. WILL BLOW
UP IN ANOTHER
MINUTE! YOU'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

I CAN'T BREAK THESE
ROPES, THORNDYKE!
THAT GAS WEAKENED
ME TEMPORARILY! I
CAN ONLY THINK OF
ONE THING! I
HOPE IT
WORKS!

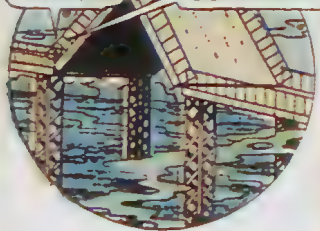
FROM HOURMAN'S LIPS A SHRILL
WHISTLE SOUNDS THROUGH THE
FOG!

ARE YOU OUT OF
YOUR MIND? YOU
AIN'T GONNA
STOP THE
EXPLOSION BY
WHISTLING!

BUT IN ANSWER TO THE SHRILL WHISTLE, THE HEAVY BRIDGE GROANS--AND RISES!

HEY! THE BRIDGE IS OPENING! HOW COME!

IN THIS FOG, THE ENGINEER THINKS MY WHISTLE WAS A SHIP SIGNALLING!



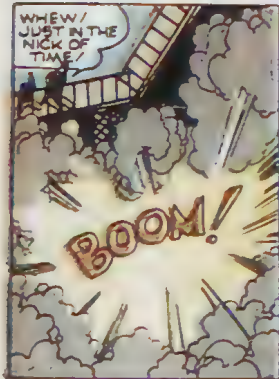
LOOK! THE DYNAMITE! IT'S ROLLING OFF THE BRIDGE!

THAT'S WHAT I HOPED WOULD HAPPEN!



WHEW! JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

BOOM!



LATER

WHERE TO NOW?

NEXT RHYME IS 'NINE-TEN, A BIG FAT HEN'--- IN THE UNDERWORLD, HEN IS SLANG FOR AN OLD WOMAN!



SO?

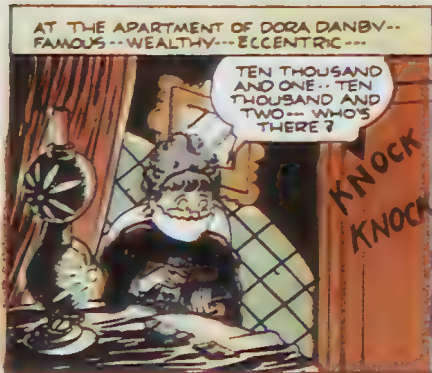
THOSE THUGS SAID THEY NEED MONEY! THERE'S ONLY ONE FAT OLD LADY WHO HAS ENOUGH CASH--- DORA DANBY.



AT THE APARTMENT OF DORA DANBY-- FAMOUS--WEALTHY--ECCENTRIC--

TEN THOUSAND AND ONE-- TEN THOUSAND AND TWO-- WHO'S THERE?

KNOCK KNOCK



IT'S ONLY US CROOKS, MISS DANBY!

YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO EXCITED, LADY! A BULLET WOULD BE BAD FOR YOUR HEART!



BUT AS THE LADY GOES INTO EXCITED ACTION...



TAKE THAT, YOU NASTY MEN... OOPS! MY VOICE SLIPPED!

HEY!

OW!

DON'T LOOK NOW - HORN DYKE - BUT MORE THAN YOUR VOICE SLIPPED!

HEY! IT'S HOURMAN!

HOW DID THEY GET AWAY?



THEN I'M GONNA USE MY STUFFING TO KNOCK THE STUFFING OUT OF THESE THUGS!

OW! WHAT ARE WE DOING... PLAYING GAMES?



BUT, WITH TRIP-HAMMER BLOWS, HOURMAN BATTERS THE ADVERTISING CROOKS BACK...

THIS IS NO GAME, BOYS!

OUCH - WHAT HIT ME?

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S GET HOT!



IT'S TOO LATE TO GET HOT, BOYS! YOU HAD BETTER COOL OFF!

JEEPERS! HOURMAN'S SURE SHOWERING THEM WITH ATTENTION!



HOURMAN SAVED ME FROM THEM!

THE JINGLE MOB!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

I'M THINKING OF A RHYME THAT GOES WITH "ELEVEN-TWELVE"



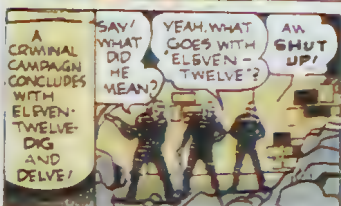
A CRIMINAL CAMPAIGN CONCLUDES WITH ELEVEN-TWELVE-DIG AND DELVE!

SAY! WHAT DID HE MEAN?

YEAH, WHAT GOES WITH ELEVEN-TWELVE?

AW SHUT UP!

HOURMAN MAKES EVERY HOUR COUNT! YOU CAN MAKE EVERY HOUR COUNT, TOO, BY USING EVERY DOLLAR TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



BERNARD BAILY



BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!



NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



YES- I'M CONVINCED
THAT I CAN MAKE GOOD
MONEY IN RADIO.
I'M GOING TO START
TRAINING FOR RADIO
RIGHT NOW.



NO- NOT ME.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.

**BILL SAID
"YES"**
HE'S MAKING
GOOD MONEY
IN RADIO
NOW



THIS N.R.I. TRAINING
IS GREAT. AND THEY
SENT REAL RADIO
PARTS TO HELP
ME LEARN
QUICKLY

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED
BETTER.



I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO
ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND
I'M ALREADY MAKING
GOOD MONEY IN
MY SPARE
TIME



OH BILL! I'M
SO PROUD OF
YOU. YOU'VE
GONE AHEAD
SO FAST IN
RADIO



YES! I'VE GOT A
GOOD JOB NOW AND
A REAL FUTURE.
THANKS TO
N.R.I. TRAINING



**TOM SAID
"NO"**
HE'S STILL
WAITING
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE
HIS TIME STUDYING
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --
SAME SKINNY PAY
ENVELOPE -- I'M
JUST WHERE I
WAS FIVE YEARS
AGO

GUESS I'M A
FAILURE --
LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEVER
GET ANYWHERE



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
A FAILURE, TOM,
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT.
WISHING AND WAITING
WON'T GET YOU
ANYWHERE



Train at Home - BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Now More Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 22 years

Radio and Public Address Systems. I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields right at home in your spare time. Mail the Coupon.

MY EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS Help Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

My "To-Do Method" - half building circuits, expert, meeting with Radio parts I furnish, half studying my interesting, illustrated lessons - makes learning Radio at home intensely interesting. I give you Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment. I tell you how to conduct practical, fascinating experiments. I send you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn while you learn.

JOBS LIKE THESE GO TO MANY MEN I TRAIN

The Radio repair business is booming, because no one Radio is being made. Radio Stations employ many Radio Technicians. Operators Radio Manufacturers, busy filling millions of dollars of Government orders, need trained men. Hundreds of Radio Operators and Technicians are

needed for good Civilian jobs with the Government. There is a shortage of good Radio Technicians in other Radio fields. And think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, etc., will open after the war!

FREE-My Valuable Book "RICH REWARDS IN RADIO"

If you're in a rut - dissatisfied with your present pay - worried because your job has no future - mail the coupon! I'll send you FREE, my 64-page, illustrated book. It shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating Radio jobs and tells how YOU can train at home. No obligation. Just mail the Coupon at once.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 3488
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

**THIS FREE BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY**

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3488
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio."
(No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name

Age

Address

City

State



EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Hundreds now in service are N. R. I. students. Also prepares for good Radio jobs, after service ends.



HIGH IN *ENERGY*

High-altitude fighters with blazing speed, and tremendous fire-power—that's the U. S. Army's Pursuit Planes. The highly developed engines of these dare-devils of the air burn fuel which is created into high-powered energy, for fast maneuvering to attack the enemy and get away at top speed!

DEXTROSE IS A HIGH ENERGY-FOOD!

Your body, like the airplane motor, burns fuel . . . fuel in the form of the food you eat . . . that is transformed into energy. Dextrose is one of the primary sugars utilized by the body to replenish used-up energy.

BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE!

Have more fun and more energy, too! Eat a Baby Ruth Candy Bar whenever you need an energy-boost to speed up your efforts. Its wholesome ingredients are rich in Dextrose to give you a delicious, nutritious treat. Baby Ruth tastes so good—it's so good for you!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TELL MOTHER

to Make Tasty, Crunchy Cookies
with Baby Ruth Candy Bars.
Recipe on Every Wrapper.

RICH IN DEXTROSE

the sugar your body uses directly for
ENERGY!

SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN SERVICE!



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